



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

POETRY.

Extempore on viewing a plantation, and laying out a site for a new house, addressed to the owner, who was sanguine, and pleased with the prospect of his place, when matured by time. The line from Horace;

"Atque harum quas colis arborum,"
had been just quoted, of which passage these lines may be considered as a paraphrase.

THROUGH many an age the groves shall rise.

Which spring from seeds thy hand has sown;

How long their date from fostering skies,
How short alas thy own!

When they shall still note every storm,
And summer suns and vernal dew,
No tree shall shade thy mould'ring form,
None but the church-yard yew.

Lancashire.

INSCRIPTION.

By the late Mr. Day, Author of Sandford and Merton.

WHEN faithless Senates venally betray,
When each degenerate noble is a slave,
When Britain falls an unresisting prey,
What part befits the generous and the brave?

In vain the task to rouse my country's ire,
And imp once more the stork's dejected wings,

To solitude, indignant, I retire,
And leave the world to parasites and kings.

Not like the deer when wearied in the race,

Each leaf astonishes, each breeze appals;

But like the lion, when he turns the chase,
Back on the hunter, and the valiant falls.

Then let untam'd oppression rage aloof,
And rule o'er men who ask not to be freed,

To liberty I vow this humble roof,
And he that violates its shade shall bleed.

ON TOBACCO.

RALEIGH, whose fate both arts and arms deplore,

First brought this social herb to Britain's shore;

The plant he lov'd and honour'd soon became,

A sharer in the hero's fate and fame,

BELFAST MAG. NO. XXVIII.

Both underwent one kingly counterblast,
And both in spite of envy long shall last,
His fame, to Britons sacred as their own,
His plant a jewel in Britannia's crown,
But if dead kings, or grief or anguish bear,

For unjust acts of power committed here,
The monarch, in his grave, must blush to see

RALEIGH, thus, crown his whole posterity.

CHANSON.

AIMEZ les yeux noirs si tu veux

Et leur vivacité piquante (bis).

Je ne chais que les bleux

Et leur langue intéressante (bis)

Les yeux noirs sont jolis yeux

Mais le plus ci sont les bleux.

Les yeux noirs disent fermement,

"Que J'aime ou non, Je veux qu' on m'aime,"

Les yeux bleux, disent tendrement,

"Aimez moi J'aimerai de même"

Les yeux noirs sont de jolis yeux,

Je m'y chers plus que les bleux.

Peut-être que des ennemis,

Vous diront que je suis volage;

Qu' avant chanter les yeux bleux,

Les yeux noirs avoient mon hommage;

Ne craignez rien J'ai vu vos yeux,

Je ne chers plus que les bleux.

Pour jamais craindre un changement,

La nature vous fit trop belle,

Qui vous voit, devient inconstant;

Qui vous aime, devient fidelle;

Les yeux noirs sont des jolis yeux;

Mais je n'aime plus que les bleux.

Hasty Translation of the above.

YE who like black eyes, pursue,

And then piercing rays recite,

I take more interest in the blue,

That shed a soft and liquid light,

Black eyes are pretty blots 'tis true,

But my heart feels the modest blue.

Black eyes say, with high disdain,

"Love, yet never hope to move,"

Blue eyes whisper pleasing pain,

"Belov'd, we promise mutual love,"

Black eyes are bright, 'tis very true;

Ah! how bewitching are the blue;

And now, perhaps, the jealous few,

Will tell you, 'tis my fancy's flight;

And long before I rav'd of blue,

That black eyes were my dearest light—

'Twas so—but since I gaz'd on you,

Thro' life, I love no eyes but blue.

Y y